

MOUNTAIN LIFE & WORK

THE SOUTH'S RESOURCES

RUPERT B. VANCE

**THREE CORRUPTING PRINCIPLES
OF COLLEGE LIFE**

BAKER BROWNELL

**OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS ON A
WOODEN DOOR**

EARLE H. MEEKINS

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MOUNTAIN LIFE AND WORK

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MOUNTAIN LIFE AND WORK

VOLUME XXII

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The South's Resources

RUPERT B. VANCE

(Address delivered at Annville Conference, October 21, 1946)

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Council:

I doubt that any group in our country has done more over the long reach of the years to develop the resources of its particular region than the group represented by the membership of the Council. I am reminded of that occasion in Atlanta near the turn of the century when an unknown Negro school principal was given an opportunity to address the great Cotton States Exposition. It was Booker T. Washington and he began by telling of a ship whose crew had drifted for days and were near dying of thirst. When finally they could signal to a passing ship they received the answer, "Let down your buckets where you are." Without knowing it they had drifted into the vast fresh waters of the mouth of the Amazon River. You, too, have taught the people of a great region to let down their buckets where they are.

More than anything else the future of the Southeast depends upon the development of resources and capacities that are as yet largely unrealized. The region has natural resources and human resources. These forms of wealth are primary, but for their development they depend upon the building up of technological resources, institutional resources, and capital resources. The creation of these secondary forms of wealth as Howard W. Odum has pointed out are matters of organization, skill, and previous experience. This is both an economic and a cultural task, a task in which the nation is as vitally concerned as the region itself.

The Southeast is only one among many regions that make up our national domain. While it is recognized that our regional areas are more likely to develop along complementary than identical lines, the goal of the process involves a fair degree of equalization and integration in the total ongoing of the nation. Economic security and cul-

tural opportunity are common goals for all the areas of the nation. Only as regional needs, resources, and capacities are balanced against each other, only then can we arrive at an integrated policy making for the total welfare of the nation.

In the Tennessee Valley Authority, the Southeast has the outstanding development in regional-national planning so far projected in the United States. The presence, in the region, of this national project serves to indicate the importance of regional development in the whole national policy. National progress and security in a country as large and diverse as ours, is dependent on the integrated development of broad, regional areas.

A director of the TVA once imagined that Daniel Boone might have sat down with an Indian hunter of the Tennessee Valley and told him: "There is ten times as much wealth in the valley as you are getting out of it." Today with electrification and modern agricultural and industrial methods, the TVA is in the position of saying to the people in the Valley: "There is ten times as much potential wealth in this region as we are now realizing."

The importance of these issues for future policy is indicated by the extent to which regional divergencies still prevent the attainment of social values to which the whole nation stands committed. We are teachers, and education here serves as an example. In terms of social values we have long been agreed on the basic principle of the maintenance of equality of opportunity among all our people, wherever found. Devotion to value of education, some have claimed, is almost a fetish among Americans. Certainly, it is seen as the chief means for the equalization of opportunity, as well as democracy's method of protecting itself from the consequences of an ignorant and incompetent citizenry.

Nevertheless, every study we have of the subject shows how far we fall short of equalizing educational expenditures. In spite of well-developed

patterns of federal grants in aid, the relations between our federal and local governments were such during the period of change that characterized the New Deal that no major advances were made. That we have yet to achieve equality of educational opportunity indicates that regional-national policies are still to be formulated, if we hope to reach the goals set by social values in which we profess to believe.

If we had to make an all-inclusive statement of the regional goal that best fits with the long-time future of the nation, it would be a higher level of living for the great mass of the South's population. Unemployment, inadequate income, underconsumption, and inefficient use of natural and human resources are seen as the constituents of a low standard, in a nation as richly endowed as America. "A modern nation," it has been pointed out, "can not avoid balancing its total production-consumption budget. This can be done at a low level with a great deal of unemployment, inefficiency, and suffering; or it can be done at a high level with full employment, high efficiency, and a better life for all.

For the total population, higher standards of living are required, not only to save human resources from the deterioration due to malnutrition, poor housing and the inadequate satisfaction of cultural needs, but to insure the level of activity necessary to keep the economic mechanism functioning. In the postwar future, the achievement of this goal seems the only thing likely to prevent the recurrence of a great depression.

The nation and the South need to agree that the region can do the greatest possible service by increasing its income and expanding its markets. Leon Henderson once said that for this region to attain a normal American standard of living would create an annual market worth ten billions of dollars to the nation. This is a duty the South owes the whole nation. It is a simple exercise in arithmetic to show that a hundred billion dollar income country will have a much better chance to meet the obligation of its war debts than a sixty billion dollar country.

As the section with the lowest incomes, the Southeast has the duty of meeting the deficit by raising its income to more normal levels. To agree on this goal, both the nation and the region should rid themselves of certain complexes. The nation should come to realize that in the long run the

further industrialization of the South will aid, not injure, the national well-being. The South in its turn should recover from its low-wage complex and realize that a rising level of wages in the area will create greater markets and increased well-being. This, it should be realized, applies also to the Negro who has the lowest level of living of any large group in America.

The South Has Physical Resources and Human Resources

What should we expect from our natural wealth? It is something of a paradox to say that in the Southeast we need a fuller utilization of physical resources for the benefit of the present generation, balanced with fuller conservation for the benefit of future generations.

It is a fuller—not a lesser—use of our physical resources that we must strive for in the Southeast, simply because of our need to achieve a higher standard of living. It must be emphasized, moreover, that not full use—but abuse—is the enemy of conservation. This is a task for teachers, and it seems to me that such teaching might begin very early in the grades. Conservation is not to be defined as starving ourselves for the sake of posterity, but rather as living on a replaceable flow of goods instead of on our stored-up capital. Thus stated, the distinction is between the *cropping* and the *mining* of resources.

It is fortunate that in its large scale dependence on organic resources, of plant and animal life, the agrarian Southeast is capable of developing what we may call a flow economy rather than a store economy. The annual increase of flocks and herds and the growth of crops, like the flow of water power, comes as an increment from the hands of nature, without greatly diminishing its stored-up capital. Conservation practices may help to give higher yields for the present, and yet conserve nature's capital endowment for the future. Mineral resources, however, must be regarded as a store, for a mine once rifled is not replaceable. The flow economy of organic life is also violated when resources of virgin forests, fisheries, and even soils are cleared out at one fell swoop.

Although it must be realized that these two concepts tend to shade into each other, the idea of utilizing a flow of energies and resources instead of robbing a store is valuable in distinguishing between the tendencies of a short-run and a long-

run economy. Water power is accepted as a perfect example of the use of a flow of energy, but if the water power reservoir is allowed to silt up, it becomes an example of the store economy, for it loses each year a part of its original capital of stored-up energy. The sign of a mine, it is said, is a hole in the ground, and the depletion of minerals is usually regarded as a good example of the store economy. With the rise of the junk man and the utilization of scrap, however, we are developing a continuous flow of resources in the field of metals to supplement the depletion of ores. While this process cannot extend to the conservation of coal and oil, the transition to the use of water power makes possible a greater use of energy in the long-run economy.

Plans for future development in the Southeast will thus attempt to provide for greater utilization and conservation by building up the resource base, and thus increasing the flow of energy and resources. We, least of all, can afford to live on the basis of a "robber-economy." In our forests, we must decide whether we are going to mine or crop our timber resources. The South's greatest problem in the field of conservation of resources is still that of soil erosion—a loss that if left unchecked will threaten the whole basis of the flow economy.

Finally, we are led to a consideration of the relation of physical resources to human resources in terms of the long-run implications of a flow economy. Since our man-land ratio is unbalanced on the side of too many men for too little good land, one corrective is to increase the quantity of good land. Land here must be understood in a very broad sense as practically synonymous with "nature." Hence capital investment in such things as soil conservation, terracing, increased fertility, better farm buildings, better orchards, disease-resistant species of crops, and purebred livestock is building up land part of the ratio quite as much as capital investment in a drainage project, a coal mine or a hosiery mill. When capital is poured into the land side of the ratio it makes the man side relatively scarcer and hence more valuable.

What do We Want to do With Our Resources?

Actually, we shall not know how to appraise the resources we have, unless we know what we want to do with them. If our desires did not exceed their realization, there would be little hope

for progress in this region. The point of view may be applied to our human resources, the greatest resource of all, in whose development we as teachers have a large share.

In our economic scheme of things, human beings are both means and ends. It is the skill, the intelligence and the labor of the population that give shape and form to all the useful aspects of our environment. Man as an agent of production is the greatest of all resources. "He contributes," writes Erich W. Zimmermann, "his labor, mental and physical; he directs the process of production; he discovers new ways of utilizing his environment; his aspirations furnish aim and purpose."

But man is also the end of the productive process. Mankind we rightly think is the ultimate beneficiary of all production from the radiation of solar energy to the last ear of grain garnered from the fields and the last film of cloth taken from the loom. All resources exist for man if he can but use them. Thus man, the paradox, is at one and the same time the end and goal beyond the productive process, and part and parcel of it, the chief resource and means toward its attainment.

Physical resources, unused and unneeded, lie inert. Coal left alone for a million years, is still coal. Human resources left unutilized, deteriorate. Untrained, unskilled, uneducated, modern man would grow up unable to make the adjustments demanded in modern industry. Unemployed or delayed in the adjustment to the job, to marriage and family life, to community responsibilities, normal human beings develop traits of disorganization and deterioration that make them dangerous to people who still have jobs and homes. As good citizens, we have no right to condemn any elements of our population to these abnormal stresses and strains.

In the modern temper we can readily admit that whether the South's population is finally to be regarded as a resource or a liability depends on more than the population itself. Yet we can never escape the realization that the motivation of any people furnishes the greatest assurance that its potentialities will be developed and utilized. It is in accord with this view that we have come to accept as part of the greatest possible equality of opportunity, opportunity for every individual to develop the best that in him lies, hoping in

(Continued on page 30)

Three Poems

NELLIE I. CRABB

I

We ate the fruit together, you and I.
I took the peach-stone;
Planted it as sign
Of everlasting comradeship,
To grow and bear and rest
And bear again,
And then you went.

I watched and tended
The tiny shoot
As seasons changed.
Later I, too, moved
Far away.

I heard of fire
That swept the farm
Clean as a broom would sweep,
With just a chimney left.

One day a stranger,
Choosing the grass-grown road,
Turned in at our old lane.
The tree was bearing — in its prime—
With age-stained chimney
For its background.
The stranger said,
"How quaint!"

II

I climbed the mountain
On a gentle bay.
You rode the black
Two horses' lengths behind.
Then as the path looped up and up
I saw you plainly, riding opposite
One grade below.

I wish we could have ridden
Side by side,
But mountain trails
Are narrow.

III

Flesh love is like the sun
And spirit love like snow;
When sun becomes too warm,
Snow tempers it,
But sun, alone, can scorch
And leave a desert,
While snow becomes a glacier,
Cuts and chisels
The soil that holds it.

Blessed the valley touched by both:
There Alpine gardens bloom.

Three Corrupting Principles Of College Life

BAKER BROWNELL

We have on the one hand the vast machinery of collegiate education in America. Today it is overloaded with grist for the grinding. Tomorrow its respective managers will be on the road again peering into likely corners of the country, counting the new crop. It grinds hugely on from glut to scarcity and from scarcity to glut again, somewhat behind the so-called business cycle. With tomorrow's scarcity the complicated implements of corporative competition for money, for students, for staff and for a big name will be taken from the tool-shed and used once more for all they are worth. The fervor of expert promotional enterprises, highly organized publicity departments, alumni associations, professionalized athletics may not be educational to be sure, but it is intense. Most of the big schools in America are like this, and most of the little ones want to be.

We have on the other hand, though largely in myth and dream, the simple humanism, the austere devotion of higher education as we say it should be. There is the Lincoln legend and the Mark Hopkins story. Those massive clankings in the background are, we assert, the instruments needed to bring such ideals about. A modern world, we explain, takes modern methods. At Michigan, for example, with some 1300 students in the lecture section of elementary Psychology, a great many logs must be hauled up for Mark Hopkins to sit on the other end of. The myth is a good one, but a long way from the real.

Higher education suffers from giantism. The cause no doubt is glandular, a lack of balance among functions. It may be diagnosed rather fully and the disease shown perhaps to be inevitable and incurable. We may look with sympathy rather than contempt at the coarsening features, the lumbering gait, the ineffectiveness and failure of the functions. But the fact remains, the monstrous creature cannot do the work that we require, or should require, of it. That is something that should not be forgotten.

The size, mass, poundage, the labyrinthine, many-storied buildings, the herded thousands of students and staff, make most of the evils of modern college life inevitable. They are neces-

sary in the going process of the overgrown bulk. Though the small school can and often does have the same evils, it does not have to have them. In the big one they are required. Of this necessity of evil there are many examples. The following is one:

It is Tuesday and the faculty meeting of the College of Liberal Arts of one of the larger universities is in session. The proposal that students caught cheating in examinations shall be expelled is under consideration. For many persons in the great, crowded room, it is a serious matter. Cheating has been on the increase for years and the faculty and many of the students are considerably concerned. The time has come, it would seem, to do something, something drastic perhaps in one direction or another.

"Would this proposal apply to all examinations?" asks a professor of English. "Yes, it is as bad to cheat for little stakes as for big ones," replies the Dean.

"Does this include cheating on term papers?" asks another. "It was not so intended" replies the Dean. "The matter would become too complicated."

"But cheating on term papers is surely as serious an offense as cheating on examinations," another member rejoins.

"Should it not apply to all papers?" asks a third.

"Will there be provision made for proctoring the examinations?" asks a Romance language professor.

"Yes, graduate students and other properly qualified proctors will be provided to assist the instructor in the examination."

"How will guilt be determined?"

"The department head and dean will ordinarily be the final judges, but a committee may be appointed, if need be, to hear all cases," is the reply.

"And in every case," the President interjects, "the accused will have the right to appeal to the faculty."

The questioning goes on, now this, now that. An issue is briefly raised, then dropped. Clarification, not debate, is obviously the more desired.

The members of the governing faculty group, in which the students are only in directly represented, know where the action is heading and what the vote will be. It's in the cards. The time has come, it would seem, to climb up the penal structure to the ultimate point. Expulsion is the final threat. Educationally it is capital punishment. Under the circumstances there seems little else to do.

Though many men in the room feel that expulsion will make no great difference, the gesture at least seems necessary. Ordinarily they are rather thoughtful men, but thought here is confronted by the machinery of circumstances. By the logic of the situation the faculty is driven towards an action which many of them know has neither moral nor educational validity. Before their eyes they see arising a college police system, a court and judicial system and a kind of educational penology that violates every principle of truly liberal teaching. Nevertheless it seems to be required. It is five-twenty and getting late. The proposal, amended to include term papers, is passed by a large majority.

How does such a ruling violate the principles of liberal education? It repudiates, first of all, the mutual faith in the good will and integrity of student and teacher. It fouls the atmosphere of human respect in which alone a liberal education can survive. It establishes, secondly, an external authority over a situation in which inner initiative should be above all important. It is coercive at the very center of a pattern which should be expressive and free. It subordinates, thirdly, both in educational content and in method, the values centered in the human being and raises to eminence the necessities of organizational structure. It lays emphasis on the regimentation and standardization of educational content and protects the teaching of educational material that has no unique meaning to the student but is easily exchangeable, like telephone tokens to drop into the slot. It substitutes quantitative criteria for qualitative, reinforces the grade and credit system, and in that way defeats the essential purpose of educational liberalism. These, very briefly, are some of the ways in which the expulsion rule violates the principles of liberal education. Nevertheless the logic of circumstances has made it necessary.

Why is the rule necessary? Why is it required

in the large institution? The reasons for the most part are in the fact of bigness.

In the big school, for example, the students are many and highly mobile. They stream through the classes, eddying for brief moments around the instructor and then on to the next. They come and go. They chatter and smile in a moment of casual friendliness. Then more come down the ramp to chatter and smile. They are known to the teachers only as fragments of human beings—that girl in the second row, that man in English B23—and the instructor in turn is only a half man to them.

In classes ever more and more specialized the students are known to him only from one or another aspect. Often they are anonymous, voiceless, humorless, abstractions in a grade book and that is all.

When men and women, old and young, live in fragments, when their lives lack integration and the organic unity of function, end and action, it is inevitable that they they will lose their integrity of character as well. They must be watched. External controls must be set up. The instruments of administration must reach deeper and deeper into the human personality. They must meddle more and more in life. Under such circumstances the educational process is necessarily mechanized. It cannot be otherwise. It is no longer a relationship between whole human beings. It is partitive, fragmental, abstract. Its content, the stuff of teaching, loses concreteness and contextual value. It becomes quantitative. It becomes the commonest currency, the lowest common denominator, the standardized material that fits into any slot. Such material, and only such material, requires the protection of policed examinations. Only such material can be traded around surreptitiously under the desk. Only such material can be translated into quantitative grades and credits. This debasement of educational values is inevitable in the mass school. Large-scale organization of this sort requires it.

In the big school, again, the necessities of administrative organization require extreme standardization of classes, of texts and of instructors, so that within any standard department of knowledge they may be easily compared quantitatively and easily exchanged. This is a tendency that has not as yet reached the climax of its development in American colleges, but with the current emphasis on four year, block patterns of required courses

for students it will be developed rapidly. It is an aspect of the administrative efficiency of the large organization that runs counter to any truly educational efficiency. In such a conflict the administrative requirements in the large institution always win out. They must win out, even at the cost of good education, if the large institution is to survive. We must make our choice, and we dare not choose good education.

Bigness is the great defeat. It is defeat because gigantic growth removes education from the human scale and pattern. Men and women, students and instructors cannot know each other well. They can no longer live as whole persons in relation to other whole persons. They are functional fragments, pieces of people in special interest groups. This is to say that bigness in education fails because it removes the college from the true community. The community is left behind and with it the source of significant value. The college loses moral and spiritual integrity. It becomes a society of detached individuals, as Saint Paul would term them, lost souls straining for the fictions of significant life.

What is the true community? Very briefly it can be defined by five characteristics. These are:

1. A community is a group of neighbors who know each other. (Face-to-face, primary group).
2. It is a diversified group as to age, sex, skill, function, mutual service to each other.
3. It is a cooperative group, in which many of the main activities of life are carried on co-operatively.
4. It is a group having a sense of "belonging," or group identity.
5. It is a rather small group, such as the family or small town, in which people can know each other as whole persons, not as functional fragments. When the group under consideration is so large that the people in it do not know each other, the community disappears.

The modern college has become a mechanism, along with many others, for abstracting life from its community contexts. In so doing it vitiates its own human value and helps to destroy the communal base of all significant culture.

This rootlessness, this loss of the true community, can be formulated in terms of what may be called three corrupting principles of college life.

In them is made articulate, in a sense, the failure of the colleges. They are involved in the institutionalization and over-institutionalization of higher education. They are usually inherent in college theory and practice, and until we recognize more generally the fallacy of them, there will be little basic improvement.

One of these may be called the principle of delayed function. Colleges — general colleges — are usually founded on the principle of educating the student for a functional performance designed to supervene on his life after college days are over. Thus he "commences" when he finishes school. He begins to live in a functionally significant way, according to this theory, after he is educated for it. The progressive movement in the elementary schools led by John Dewey and others has never taken hold very strongly in the colleges. Higher education is still treated not as life but as a preparation for life, not as an end or value in itself as well as an instrument, but mainly as a training for a life, not present now. The disastrous cleavage between ends and means, so characteristic of our culture, is evident here. The segregation of productive life from consuming life, here as in the outer world, vitiates the true values of both.

In consequence the college student, who usually is a full grown young man or woman, is given a juvenile status. He is shielded from mature responsibilities and decisions. He lives traditionally on some other person's earnings and learns largely on some other person's authority. The pseudo-juvenilism of college, the postponement of function and mature responsibility can result only in educational decay.

It is conceivable, even possible, that the educated person might continue serious reading, non-professionally, after he leaves college. But not one in fifty college graduates, it may be assumed, ever again reads a book in the great intellectual tradition after he graduates. It is possible, even probable, that with good education, the graduate might continue to enrich his appreciative and cultural, along with his functional, life as he grows older. But the average college man or woman, as Sheldon and others have indicated, reaches his high point of cultural maturity before he is twenty-five, and deteriorates rapidly thereafter. The theory of postponed function evidently does not work.

There is no insuperable difficulty, however, in treating higher education as a continuing process

concurrent with life. It can be significantly functional, productive and mature. It should be at once an enrichment of life as it goes along and a directional activity towards greater fullness and function. Though it is true that our colleges today must be reoriented and reconstructed to accomplish a significant educational objective, the problem is far from insoluble to those who recognize its importance.

The second corrupting principle of our colleges is closely related to the first. It may be called the principle of the social vacuum. The college is set up on the assumption that the student should be abstracted from his home and work community, placed in a special environment called the campus, and segregated so far as the process of education is concerned from normal relationships within his community. His community, both past and future, his occupational milieu, and his mature patterns of political and social behavior are largely ignored. In the irresponsible freedom and emptiness of a vacuum he is taught the easy doctrines of a philosophy that has no continuing contact with the operationally real. He becomes cosmopolitan, for this is inherent in educational abstractionism, and he leaves his living, concrete community, if he has one, never to return.

This is a consequence of the substitution of campus-centered for community-centered education. The small communities of America are drained of their youth and wealth. Though the college to be sure is only one of the disintegrative influences on the little places of the land, it is important. Today the small communities of the western world are in decay. The human community in its true sense is giving way to massive impersonal organizations, special interest groups, urban concentrations. Men and women live as functional fragments in highly partitive relations with each other. The whole human being, in relation to other whole human beings, which is the characteristic of the true community, recedes. This, the basis of all moral and social responsibility and freedom as we know it, tends to be disintegrated into specialized, anonymous fragments in a mass state. Already the massive collegiate organizations have acquired this character and abet this tendency.

Who can say that the campus provides a significant or functional community life? It is, on

the other hand, irresponsible, highly selective, usually snobbish. It is socially frivolous and inept because the basic functions of mature life are carefully excluded. Nor can it well be said that the campustrian substitutes for social maturity, the laborious pretense of the class room, the hypothetical situations dreamed up instead of living—when reality burns across the street—are more educative than would be the student's participation in the going world. On that assumption, however, the modern college operates.

But this substitutive tendency and the doctrine of the social vacuum, are not irrevocable. The Danes and other Scandinavians have built folk schools or community colleges that for a hundred years have shown us the socially regenerative values of community-centered higher education. The college should be within the student's own community. The Danes have done it. The English under Sir Richard Livingstone are trying to do it. It belongs, furthermore, to an earlier American tradition that is not beyond attainment in America today.

The college can be placed once more within the student's social and family context. It can effect the enrichment and beneficial stabilization of true community life, not its impoverishment. This is not easy, but can be done.

The third corrupting principle of modern college life is its almost complete divorce in the student's experience from significant practice. This is closely inter-related with the principles of the postponed function and the social vacuum. The principle can be discussed in terms of decadence.

Decadence may be defined as a life emphasis on emotion segregated from its appropriate action. The quest for feeling, pure feeling as it were, without the overt, functional behavior appropriate to it, is a disintegrative tendency in human life that becomes decadent, even rotten, in its more extreme manifestations. The same specialization and the segregation of the appreciative and leisured aspects of community life from functional production is a disintegrative influence in community as in individual life. In the same way the segregation of thinking from action, pure thinking as it were, is in a manner of speaking decadent. It implies or eventually becomes functionless thought. It has neither the critical controls nor the directive

initiative that a continual reference to behavior enforces.

This is largely the pattern of the college classroom: functionless thought, segregated emotion without the direct relevance to the action that alone makes them significant. It is easy to talk about thought and action but to perform in an active situation is not so simple. It is an easy game, this guiding toy boats across a bath tub. But steering a ship is a different matter. Until the college moves off the campus and enters the significant behavior patterns of the individual during all his life and of the community during all its history, it will continue to be more an influence towards decadence than towards health. It makes play problems; stage situations; it forever rehearses life, with life itself denied admittance.

Behind these three principles of educational decay, namely the postponed function, the social vacuum and the divorce from practice, is the basic failure which these in their respective ways express. That failure is the inability of the college to identify itself with a true community. In consequence it promotes a mobile, rootless life, an urban indifferentism of mentality, a sterile, gay and, as it were, irresponsible biology. It promotes a kind of human life that is what it is largely because it is a life without community, a half-life, an aggregation of specialized fragments of life,

that has neither spiritual significance nor integrity.

In such a brief and highly compressed criticism of the modern college system it should be pointed out that not all colleges fall into this pattern. Probably no college falls entirely within it. There are good things in American education as well as bad. There are proud, fine qualities in American education that are found in no other land. Our higher education as a whole is probably better than that of any other great nation. But that is not saying much.

Many colleges, some small colleges of the southern mountains in particular, are building their careers within the living structures of a true community. If they can find a true community, or create it, if they can avoid on the other side the dangers of frozen creeds, and the dogmatic repression of liberal thought and behavior, they have far more prospect of giving human service than have the education factories of the greater centers. Some of the large schools, on the other hand, are making shrewd and courageous efforts to correct the evils inherent in their system. They are at least partly successful. But the dominating tendency in colleges today is nevertheless the production-line method, the segregation of functions and values, the denial of the true community. These make our higher education as a whole a massive failure.

A Tennessean's Heritage

MORTIMER SLAIMAN

Down through the drafty valleys of Talk, Talk,
TALK
About "problems,"
Came a group of determined men who had no
Use for the breeze of pleasant resolutions.

They came with polite but broad encompassing
swathes of Ideas
Felt by most
And here forged into realities
Of concrete and cable
Oozing and whiplashing out through the
Hinterland touching deftly the minds and bodies
Of all who had hankered for something to be.

And today far from you by mule

Or even your brand new Chevrolet,
Is a wishful man, a drenched chip on the
Turgid, yellow, Yangtze;
A pioneer shading his eyes as he scans the
Aridity pressing the Jordan;
An African black watching his heart flow
Down the Niger;
And burning too, in the Shenandoah, Ohio,
Columbia, and Missouri valleys
Are cores kindled on your hillsides, and in the
Folds of your river banks.

Little did you know that the vast and
Very closeness of your mountain-valley life
Would today explode and
Fuse a world.

Opportunity Knocks On A Wooden Door

EARLE H. MEEKINS

In the caves and hollows, and on the ridges of our eight southern mountain states, there grow the tall poplars, the spreading white oaks, and flowering dogwoods. Flooring, house lumber, furniture, window facings, tie racks, butter kegs, and meat chopping blocks are in the trees, besides many other products from pipe blocks to shoe heels. A sizeable quantity of the lumber for which the nation is wailing is still growing and continues to grow in the Southern Appalachians in spite of destructive cutting, fire, disease, and insect attacks. One lumber buyer covered the situation when he said, "Anything will sell, even if it has bark and leaves." So, the thousand and one products of the forest, from buttons to barrels, are in demand, and will undoubtedly remain in demand for many years to come.

If the mountain man who owns a few good trees lets it be known that he is contemplating selling them, he is requested, coaxed, cajoled, and bribed by lumber men into making a sale.

As a result of the unparalleled demand for timber, mountain owners have sold off their heritage, letting the timber cutters slash away to their hearts' content. In very few instances have land owners attempted to regulate the size of trees to be cut, or attempted to preserve fast growing young timber from destruction by doubled-bitted axes and cross cut saws. Trees are being cut which will not saw out a plank 6 inches wide and 10 feet long. At one mill, logs were so small that men were toting them from the log dump to the saw carriage. Hillside after hillside which once was covered with magnificent stands of thrifty second growth pine is now a tangled mass of tree tops and sawbriers. All that remains to complete the carnage is a hot fire to lay bare the soil, and a heavy rain to wash it to the nearest river.

Although conservationists, resource specialists, and thinking private citizens realize that the timber, soil, and wildlife are passing through a critical period, few have given thought to the problems which the small lumber town must meet in a few years. The small towns in lumber producing areas, such as Cass and Richwood in West

Virginia, must revise their economic life, if they are to survive. Timber cutting, logging, and sawmill activity have continued at such a pace, and in such ever widening circles around each sawmill, that many mills must soon shut down for lack of timber, throwing their employees back on their own resources, which are often pitifully small.



"...lumber continues to grow in the Southern Appalachians."

Each year sees more and more sawmills shutting down for lack of logs, and each year more towns become "ghosts" as a result of big timber operators' short-sighted policy of "cut out and get out." It is not by any coincidence that most sawmill towns which have been abandoned were the location of branch plants for some large lumber producer. Nothing else could be expected. The business of a town was to manufacture unlimited quantities of lumber, and there was only a limited number of trees. There are, however, several examples to show that secondary wood-using industries pay off in community stability, profits for their owners and in lasting security for their employees.

Examples of two towns which have benefited by lasting primary and secondary mills are Moorfield, W. Va., and Barbourville, Ky. Veneer has

been made at Moorfield for many years, and Barbourville boasts a relatively large plant, which though old, still produces a variety of wood products, including hundreds of canes. The New England Yankee has long been aware that home industry should be encouraged. As a result, towns in the Berkshire Hills, and in the White Mountains have developed their secondary wood-using industries to the largest extent possible. Many cater to the tourist trade by making and selling souvenirs such as ash trays and small wood flower stands.

If town fathers would compare the benefits derived from a large lumber company having headquarters in a large city, possibly out of the state, which wishes to install a large sawmill in town, with the benefits derived from a locally owned and operated wood working shop, furniture plant, or combined small sawmill, dry kiln, and planing mill, it would shun the large mill as it would the plague. The small wood-using plant, which makes flooring, novelties, furniture or brooms, pays off!

Foresters have been evangelistic disciples of the theory that sawmills and wood working factories must gear their production to timber growth; cutting and milling each year the same amount of timber the land produces. They call it sustained yield. However, the lumber industry has generally practiced a "get rich quick" procedure, while it gave lip service to the arguments in favor of sustained yield. Because the general practice of the industry is to move from place to place, loggers, sawyers, and timber men generally became wanderers, putting down only superficial roots at each stopping place. The social and business structures of towns and villages suffer as a result of the transient wood workers who come and go with their whims.

Compare this situation with that of Old Town, Maine. The Old Town canoes were first made for timber cruisers, guides, and trappers when the neighboring town of Bangor was booming in 1870 or so. The canoes are still being made, and are known to every fisherman, summer home owner, trapper, and recreationist who paddles the lakes and ponds. They are still made at Old Town. The industry has lasted 70 years, and has furnished local employment and security to three generations of the town residents.

Here, for \$50.00 per thousand, the local sawmill man sells the rough green lumber to the retail buyer, who dries it and manufactures the lumber into flooring, and then sells it back to a neighbor of the sawmill man for \$150.00 per thousand. The hundred dollars differential between the sawmill price and the retail price represents transportation costs, handling at the retail yard, dry kilns, planing and end matching. It also represents profit for the retailer, dry kiln owner, transportation company, and planing mill. The important point is that the sawmill man who first cut the timber could have processed the board into flooring himself, and thereby made work for local men, a more stable business, and a better community, and a larger profit for himself. By processing timber, and timber products, our local mountain people could secure greater financial security and a fuller life.

In every mountain area are found strong men who are intelligent, hard working, honest and independent. Their thinking is usually quick on the draw, and few lack native ingenuity and resourcefulness. Many industrial plants in Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky were glad to employ mountain men in the workshops and factories, because they were high grade laborers. Mountain men are accustomed to working long hours at back breaking tasks, and under unfavorable working conditions. They know how to saw logs in ivy thickets where the snow is hip deep to a tall Indian.

Today, many of these men have returned to the hills and coves. Some are riding saw carriages, others are cutting corn and stripping tobacco. More are pulling six-foot cross cut saws.

The tragedy is that the lumber continues to roll to Roanoke, Louisville, Charleston, and Memphis for processing into flooring, furniture, and flower stands, while the timber cutter gets only his 50c per hour, and the sawmill owner receives pay for only rough green lumber, and the land owner gets only a pocket full of cash which won't buy much of anything, and depleted hillsides.

The economic needs all over the area are obvious. We must have more secondary wood-using industries, such as dry kilns, planing mills, flooring mills, factories for making window sashes and doors, gadgets, novelties and furniture.

To illustrate what can be accomplished, the Forest Service cites one example. Crossett, Ashley

County, Arkansas, was a sleepy crossroads town some years ago. Most of the timber had been cut in the neighborhood, but there remained enough to keep a few peckerwood mills in logs. A lumber company was established in the town, and was named Crossett Lumber Co. It bought up the cut over lands, steep hillsides, and other land more useful for timber production than for agriculture. Following the land purchase, a modern sawmill, dry kiln, and finishing plant were constructed. The town came to life, and people began to go to work regularly.

At first, there weren't many timber cutters, because there was not a large number of mature trees to be cut, and Company foresters said that only ripe trees should be manufactured into lumber. As time went on, the older second growth timber reached maturity, and the foresters scheduled them for the axe. Now, there is work for many workers in the woods, and at the mill. It has been the policy of the Company to cut only those



"Here, for \$50.00 a thousand the local sawmill man sells the rough green lumber to the retail dryer who . . . sells it back for \$150.00 per thousand."

trees which are ready to be made into lumber. The future of the town and its residents is bright. The workers can buy and improve homes, the streets can be beautified, good schools can be established, and churches built without fear of the lumber company's pulling out. The people of Crossett have every right to expect an era of stable prosperity.

With a supply of raw material, a plentiful sup-

ply of willing labor, eager for steady employment, as well as a nation-wide market for wood products, there are only two reasons why such industries should not prosper. Neither of these is really worth considering. The first bottleneck, financial backing for the opening of the plant, should not be too difficult to overcome today, when bank vaults are bulging at the seams, and many financiers are considering ways and measures to cut their income taxes. The second major obstacle is to find skilled workmen and machinists to set up the plants and do their technical jobs. The solution for this problem is to advertise for skilled help in such periodicals as the Southern Lumberman and newspapers published in areas where secondary wood-using industries are important, as for instance, the Louisville Courier Journal, and to provide more training in the schools.

The way is well blazed for those who are interested in home industry. Berea College furniture plant and dry kiln is perhaps the best known of the small enterprises which have made a success of secondary wood-using plants. Here, the dry kiln is covered with applications from lumber men who wish to get their lumber kiln-dried. Here again, the furniture plant has more orders on hand for furniture than it can take care of. Mr. Pullins, foreman of the shop says that he is working on orders received in 1941 and 1942. At Bridgewater, Virginia is a mill which specialized before the war in manufacturing white oak saw handles. Between Broadway and New Market, Virginia is a small novelty making industry. Parsons, West Virginia, is the site of a broom handle factory. A plant near Marion, Pennsylvania specializes in manufacturing bowling pins. Some mountain folk now spend their winters making utility chairs. They are fine chairs, practically indestructible, and comfortable, too. One could throw them around the kitchen all day, and they would be just as sturdy at the end of the day as they were at the beginning. The trouble with this industry is that there are so few chairs made, and sale is so local that there is not much profit in them.

Home builders today find that flooring, doors, windows, and window frames are as scarce as dress shirts. The U.S. Forest Service expects a ten year building boom, unless the depression wolf

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Tim's First Day In The Mines

LEONARD ROBERTS

The darkness of the crooked cavern which the cars were rolling through made Tim realize what the heavy carbon light on his head was for. He wondered why the rest of the men did not light theirs for company. It was as though he were being taken into *something* against his will, with the gloom, like a shroud, closing around him. The warmth of the underground, soaking through his blue denims, made him feel that he was drifting through the fields of another world. Mine dangers again seized his imagination, when he remembered poor old Jack back on his creek—with a leg gone. Jack once had worked in the mines but now peg-legged around in his garden. A scarred preacher had come one time to their white church house to hold meetings, and he had always looked devilish strange to Tim standing behind the pulpit and shaking a useless hand at the people. The blue burns always made his face look as if he had let coal dust grow under his skin. Tim could not feel easy in the car, with the stories and poems and songs about Floyd Collins filling his mind.

Gib, his companion, talked a little, and very loudly, but there was a false note in his voice. He changed his seat in the car often, handled the tools in his hands again and again, and took off his light now and then to blow into it. Then finally he cupped his palm over the reflector and flinted a light. Tim did the same thing and when the light flared he could see his buddy's face. Gib was acting calm and easy, but his pale face gave him the lie.

"Now what do you think about mining?" asked Tim.

Gib looked at the rib and answered bravely, "We've not done any yit. Wait till we get to our room and load a car. Then talk."

Mustering up a little show of courage, Tim went on "What's the matter with you? You look kind of scared."

Gib stared him down. "Why, I'm not half as scared as you look. You're white as a sheet."

Tim was put in his place, but went on, "Oh, that's just the way a man looks under the hill."

They were glad that they did not have to shoot the coal, nor clean it much. Their job was to

load the ton cars and collect thirty cents a car. Since this was their first job at "public works," both had been thinking hard about the first car. With that loaded and tagged and sent to the outside they would then be on the payroll of the company.

Finally they slowed down to a stop, and then there was a terrible state of silence. The boys who were crouched in the last car but one straightened up and looked around them. It was as dark as a stack of black cats.

The boss, Mulkey, could be heard in the rear now, calling out a run of directions.

"You young men, take Number Six—good clean room—just shot. Uncouple the last two cars—leave your tools in there. Leave 'em in there, I said! Do you know how to shift your cars? Take 'em up in your room, load one, bring 'em out on the main line. Shift 'em and get 'em back in there. Keep this right of way clear, or my jinny and a man or two'll get killed. Got everything? Water? Carbide? Shovels? Well—so long boys."

Mulkey came along and stood beaming his light on the boys as they heaved their two cars into the mouth of Room Six. "Now you men won't have no trouble," he was saying. "All you've got to do is turn and shovel. Watch the rib. No gob in here."

Tim came up close to him and asked, "How far is it back in here?"

"It's a hundred yards or so to the head of your room. Watch the rib. Come and get my pick when you need it. Put water in your bucket. Dry as a bone in here."

Tim moved on into their room, on hands and knees, near the rib. He heard a grinding and a spitting on the face of the coal and hustled back out to the main passageway in a panic.

"Hello! What's that?" he shouted hoarsely.

Mulkey bent over and made the hollow chamber echo: "Haw! Haw! what's the matter with that boy? Haw! Haw!"

Gib came up and asked what all the noise was about.

"Go up there and listen to that poppin' and

snappin'," Tim cried fearfully. "The mountain is a-fallin' in!"

Mulkey looked as though he were enjoying himself as he watched Gib crawl up to listen. They could all hear it now. Gib crawfished back out of the room a little faster than he had gone in, and asked Mulkey what it could be. Then Mulkey told them how the weight above caused loose coal and narrow ribs to crackle and pop out.

"Ain't it dangerous as forked lightning?" queried Tim, now a sick boy sitting on the main track.

"You men are sure new in here," Mulkey laughed again. "Why, I've worked in mines where you had to set big timbers every foot apart and then they couldn't hold her. I've seen big eighteen-inch props bust into splinters under the hill, boys. But this mine's safe. Not worked much and plenty rib. Look at that top." He sounded on it with his pick handle. "It's as sound as a dollar. This mine's as safe as your own home."

The boys sat on the track a long time after he was gone before they talked one another into working in the mines. Tim cast his feeble light beam around in the gloom and mumbled a time or two "Yeah, safe as your own home!"

They put their shoulders to the cars then and rolled them up the track. Gib went ahead to see about the rails, and soon gave a signal to halt. Tim halted gladly and went around to see what they had slapped at. He paused. Gib was already sitting down at work, the fog of his breath rising past the beam of his light.

"We'll load a ton," he said, "if we've got to wear these shovels off up to the hand holt. Get up there to the face and start turning the coal. I'll put her in the car."

Tim did not know many terms. "Turn it? What's the matter with it?"

Gib threw a beam of light on his partner and roared "Come on. Let's don't be all day getting a load of coal out o' here. You ask more questions than a dog's got fleas. Turn that coal to right about in here, and I'll handle it and fill that car." Then he softened a little. "Come on and let's work, Tim. If we get our car loaded the boss-man will set us some more. Let's load as much coal as any other two men in the Black Diamond."

Tim thought that sounded pretty good, and crawled along the floor with a will, his shovel

under his hand. He rubbed the top with the knuckles of his backbone. When he reached the great pile of coal, he also remembered the crackling of the rib, and began to shovel with all his might so that he would not hear it. A few shovels backhanded, a few forehanded, a few sideways, was all he could do from his knees. And it was punishment to the knees. He saw that his partner was having the same trouble.

"Say," asked Tim "How are you supposed to posture in turning this coal?"

"How in dittney do I know? I can't get fixed. Only thing I know, you can't load coal on a feather tick."

At last Tim sat flat down on the coal floor, with his legs in front as straight as pipestems, his head bent to the side to avoid the roof, and turned the coal backhanded. It was the best way he could find although it took every fiber in the small of his back to swing the shovel. He struggled to keep Gib supplied with his turnings. But soon he had to rest. Feeling a little guilty for white-eyeing, he crawled back from the dangerous rib and stretched his length on the floor. His light shone out into a pocket of chaos. Gib continued his work for only two shovels longer, and then he too crawled out into a clean place, fetched some groans and stretched out.

"Let's blow a minute, partner," he groaned. "My back's killing me."

"I'm hurtin' all over," said Tim. "Boy, it's dark in here."

"Dark as two stacks of black cats. This is a hard life and don't let anybody say it's not. Whatever a man gets for a ton of coal, she's worth ever brownie of it."

"Yep, it's terrible hard work," Tim agreed. "And it's so low in here a man's not got room to stretch out his neck and spit."

Gib flinted his light and moved again to his shovel.

"Come on down and he'p me finish this 'un and then we'll tag him," he commanded.

Tim looked in the hopper when he came up.

"We don't want to pile it up where it will rub the top," he said, and waited for Gib to say the final word. The big moment was near at hand.

Gib crept up and sighted two or three ways over the top of the sideboards. He was determined not to heap the car a single shovelful. Then he

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"Let The Shuttle Fly Free"

ELIZABETH LORD

Romance follows handcrafts.

There was a weaver of repute, living on her substantial farm in Valle Crucis, North Carolina, with flocks of sheep grazing on her mountain sides, the wool sheared by her menfolk, carded and spun by her own hand. She wove furnishings for a bedroom in the White House for Mrs. Harding. Today scores of old Colonial coverlets and curtains, rugs, runners and guest towels commemorate her, and her son keeps her weaving cabin, with the vine-covered stone staircase to second floor, just as she left it.

She was free mistress of her handcraft. Fitting them in between pressures of home and hospitality, she planned the weavings, and chose her time for weaving. She had her farm, controlled each aspect of its busy day, but knew well how to delegate its duties. Added substance came from her best-loved occupation. Well-being flowed from her in genial cordiality and kindness. She was no factory worker. She wove at home, surrounded by her own well-loved established things, upon her own broad acres. She reveled in her disciplined sure skill, in lovely patterns, and the appreciation of friends and patrons. Handcrafts may constitute a way of life. Is this way of living worthy, and can these values be perpetuated?

When we think of handcrafts we are led naturally to the regions where they seem most native, where they continue uninterrupted to the present—to the country, and the mountains, far from towns. The wood-worker feels the trees about him, in life and growth and change of season as he shapes his wood to daily uses, and to show the beauty of the grain. The hand-thrown potteries are here, and forges for wrought iron. Not so usual, but still possible to find are oak split baskets, whose maker rives his timber and scrapes thin against his knee the long white pliant fibers. Weaving has been here always.

In Boone, North Carolina, there lives today a young mother of three young children, who has cared for a small farm and three cows, while her husband has been away in service. Lucinda Adams has bought yarn, and sold weavings in the Handcrafts Center. With what time she has for weav-

ing, she has put money to the remodeling of the farmhouse, fenced the land and bought another cow, and has earned over five hundred dollars, each of these last two years. Fall and winter and early spring are her best times for weaving, when the children are in school, her harvest stored, those precious months before another busy planting season. She makes towels mostly, and has a second loom for dresses for herself and girls.

So we have two weavers, Mrs. Miniard, who lived thirty years ago in Valle Crucis, in the Carolina Mountains, and now Lucinda Adams of Poone, ten miles away. How do the lives of these two women differ?

First there is the manner of training. In Valle Crucis, in the old days, and in the time of Mrs. Miniard, handcrafts were learned from kinfolk—and what crafts they were, and what craftsmen! Initial training must always be under an experienced craftsman. Today she might learn her weaving in the High School.* Home Demonstration agents hold handcraft training classes.

Lucinda first learned her weaving in courses at the local Handcraft center,** working two days a week one winter while her young son was still a toddler. Her husband in his free time made her loom.

Lucinda loves to make things. We all like to be creators, and handcrafts are not too far beyond us. At the end of a busy day, when we are very

* That handcrafts may continue to supplement income, as they always have or to become a livelihood, our public and private schools do well to help in giving training. Many schools are doing so, as they offer art and music, agriculture and home economics, under the Smith-Hughes law of 1917 federal and state funds may be obtained through the State Board of Trade and Industrial Education, to supplement the teacher's salary.

** The handcrafts center in Boone was started by the local parish worker. As a County School it has received Smith Hughes funds for the teacher's salary. As a handcraft outlet, its non-profit business organization has been entirely separate from that of the church. It has been supported by distant mission circles, not with funds, but with open and appreciative markets. The center is a member of Southern Highland Handicrafts Guild.

weary, an hour at the loom may leave us all aglow, as if "brand new." Handcrafts are doing again for us from choice, what they must have done for our great-grandmothers from necessity. Patience and perseverance, ever-deepening knowledge and love of one's material, continued use of tools worked out by others or by one's own ingenuity, confidence in one's own real liking and opportunity and willingness to grow by studying the appreciations of many other people, these will help us to bring out the beauty in the wood, the clay, the thread, which we are set to be revealing. These things hold beauty. Our work, and we ourselves, will grow more beautiful.



A young weaver operates an old loom.

Mrs. Miniard lived before the day of modern crafts associations, which offer much to the continuing student and producer.

"Summer folks" returned year after year to Valle Crucis. There are no lovelier mountains, nor more bountiful and gracious hospitality. Mrs. Miniard had championed the mountain mission school in the first days of its planting. Later it gave introduction to these new friends and patrons. They watched the weaving, bought weavings and left orders, personal things for personal likings. They took back to the city their appreciation and their treasures, breathing of the country. The weavings were traditional in large part, Twill and Colonial, Honeycomb and Linen. Most of them were plain weave, or entirely all-over pattern. The weaver's cotton and her linen, like her wool, were homespun. She dyed her yarns. Sometimes in the fall she liked to play with autumn colors, combining bright hues in a twill scarf or blanket, for

use in her own household. She knew the thrilling satisfaction of her own warm "kivers," so recently on sheep's back. Neighbors who wove were friendly rivals. No patterns were exchanged. There was no pool of orders. Her prices to her seemed reasonable, average for her county. She had no one to guide her, and felt no need of guidance.

(Years after Mrs. Miniard's time, handcrafts a little to the south were caught into commercial exploitation. This was when folk were isolated and unorganized, but we must always guard against it.)

Lucinda, on the other hand, has the Craft House to help her, and the regional Handcraft Guild.*** She comes to Craft House for further classes and exhibits. She meets with other weavers, fellow students and producers. Consultants from the Guild come, and they hold a two day meeting. They may consider new ways of putting warp into the loom. There is help with styling and design, the latest in yarns and in their sources, in problems of the local and larger common outlet. Yearly come Guild institutes.

Lucinda, like Mrs. Miniard, weaves at home, planning her work and choosing her times for weaving. She is alert and agile, has speed, but does not hurry. She enjoys the rhythm of the even beat, the patterns which grow, the colors and the textures of her weavings. Welcoming guidance, she is her own designer. The quality of her weaving is so high that any choice she makes will find a ready market.****

*** Of late years many crafts associations have been formed, mostly geographical, among them Southern Highland Handicraft Guild, headquarters in Gatlinburg, Tennessee; New Hampshire League of Arts and Crafts at Concord; and others, all loosely joined associations of individual craftsmen and handcraft centers.

****Her market as an individual craftsman could be direct to customer, as was all of Mrs. Miniard's; to small private shops; through private women's exchanges; under Extension Service leadership; to handcraft centers such as that at Boone, a school with a sales outlet, member of a Guild; as a mature craftsman, still to that center, or direct to the larger common Guild marketing outlets. Guild centers will buy wholesale or experimentally consign. Some centers pay hourly or piece rates for labor only, for work done at home or at the central place. Then by the center the goods are

Small industries are springing up all over, craftsmen and assistants, in woodworking, wrought iron, pottery, weaving. Of market now there is no question. One danger now, in spite of good advices, is an over-stimulated, inferior product, which will not maintain the outlet through the time to come. With the invitation to large orders comes the temptation to limit oneself to speed production of a single item, towel, pottery, carved figure, all alike, and to their maker presently monotonous—where comes the line? Each person and each handcraft center must decide. Often they are not clear about it. The chief advantage of the small federation seems to be the greater freedom to welcome change in the plans and schedules of each member. Our handcrafts have never attempted to launch forth as they might, if cooperation could tie in their efforts. We must not fear to place upon our goods the higher prices which should be the reward of inclusion in each piece its portion of the personality of its creator, and his continuing love and pride in craftsmanship.

Few craftsmen care to have their own private shop. Lucinda doesn't. She is much interested in the promotion of the Craft House. We realize that it is most important that in its introduction to the public, our work be suitably presented. This Lucinda can understand each time she comes to Craft House; when she talks with visitors from far cities, from Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Wisconsin; at the Guild shop, the Allanstand, in Asheville; in Manhattan. So Lucinda lives and weaves upon her farm and brings her weaving to the handcraft center. She prefers to spend her time at weaving and entrust its marketing to her own organizations. When handcrafts come seeking markets, something of the mountains and the country comes in too. There is serenity among the hills, and in the eyes of folk who bring their handwork. Sincerity is born of it. There is no better introduction to a

exhibited, and sold locally, with all the accruing advantages, in the center; are sent, a continuing report and sales exhibit to distant clubs and churches, friends of the school; are wholesaled for a first or at most a second time, to the central guild outlets in a city.



Craft Center, at Watauga Industries, Boone, North Carolina.

region than the study of the lovely things the people make. An outlet which handles handcraft does well to show also all it can, both pleasant and unpleasant, so that it be true, of that handcraft's natural surroundings. Customers will welcome handcrafts in their own setting with more ready and generous acceptance of their worth. Under good auspices, the human bonds which handcrafts offer will link producer and customer to deeper appreciation and benefits.

And handcrafters in the town? Our picture of handcrafts today, like our lives as handcrafters, will seem incomplete without contact with the excitements which come when very large numbers of humans are together. Many of us now, in our own cars, Lucinda too, can reach the cities when we wish. Comparisons are rife there—museums of the ages, every minute choices of very many living people, life going on and studies made, among like and unlike individuals. As the country gives root and substance, the nourishment and the horizon, so the city may add height and depth, give sparkle, zest and tingle. Chiefly, we go in to town for markets, for fresh ideas and study, and to teach—to bring handcrafts to the city's ill, her workers and her students, and to try to help her children. Our best goes to the city, to test what it may be. The very best the city offers may and must be brought home for our testing in the balanced beauty of the country.

Southern Appalachia--The Land Of Contrasts

OLGA LINDQUIST

It was my good fortune recently to be one of a group taking the Appalachian Travel Seminar sponsored by the Council of Southern Mountain Workers. The purpose of this study tour was to visit schools in the mountains of Kentucky, North Carolina, Georgia, and Tennessee. In addition to these visits, members of our group told us about the schools which they represented. Many books have been written about these schools and their founders. They make interesting and informative reading.

We traveled almost nine hundred miles through Southern Appalachia. The weather man cooperated by furnishing bright, sunshiny days, our bus was comfortable, there was a fine spirit of camaraderie in our group, but like the beat beat of a metronome, over and over again, I became conscious of the startling contrasts which we were passing along the highway; sometimes between the urban and rural, and sometimes sharp contrasts in the rural depending on the topography. The low economic level was apparent in many places even in these so-called "good times."

Breath-taking beauty of mountain scenery and gorgeous fall coloring . . . then ugly hills, eroded and treeless; towns and cities with modern, comfortable homes . . . but between these were scores of windowless cabins and shacks, unbelievable squalor; hundreds of miles of improved highways . . . but over the ridge, we were told, were hundreds of miles of poor roads and creek beds often impassable in bad weather; some good farms but far, far too many "upright farms" on steep hillsides with a little patch of corn and a few vegetables.

We visited a modern, attractive boarding school; a University room with crystal chandeliers, beautifully furnished and housing the third largest Lincoln collection in the United States; a folk school whose soul-satisfying, artistic simplicity was a joy to behold; another school, with modern buildings and dormitories, an excellent vocational curriculum, took pride in the success of the self government by students; still another, distinctive because of its tenant-student farm plan and adult education, was particularly proud of its re-

ligious atmosphere . . . all sharply contrasting the desolate looking, small, one room school houses in poor condition which we passed as we traveled along.

We were told that 76% of the teachers in one county are working on emergency certificates. One teacher of thirty pupils in a one room school house told me she cannot have school when it rains. I asked her if it was because the children couldn't get to the school. She replied, "Oh no, it's because the school is too dark. It is like trying to teach in a closet with the door closed."

Our itinerary included some fifteen schools, community and church centers. Each one was different because its program had been set up to meet the particular needs of the immediate area. But all of them were interested in the changes go-



" . . . desolate looking, small, one-room schoolhouses in poor condition."

ing on in the mountains . . . social, economic and educational, and in the need for new directions with long range planning:

On the bus, at the schools, during mealtime, there was an eagerness to exchange ideas, to learn more and more about the individual problems of the mountain regions and a desire to fit into the changing pattern and to be helpful in this transitional period when the South is rapidly becoming industrialized. The subjects were many and varied; education, religion, health and better nutrition, agriculture, new industries, markets and products, and what can be done to avert economic disaster in some sections.

There is one problem, however, which must be solved if there is to be any substantial progress in the educational field and that is to fill the crying need for more trained rural school teachers, and better schools with adequate equipment.

In spite of the seeming isolation in many sections, most rural areas are overpopulated in relation to their economic condition. One mountain county, between 1910 and 1930, increased its population 560%. The average mountain family is three times as large as the average family for the entire country.

No school or college familiar with present conditions can hope to send a large percentage of its graduates back to the communities from which they came. Most colleges are agreed they want students to go where their capabilities can be fully realized, but with improved agricultural conditions and industrialization, it is their hope that the rate of migration from the South can be reduced.

The South has been drained too long of its most promising youth for the betterment of other sections of the country but at the expense of the South. At the same time, the South sends forth many who are untrained and who cannot compete with better trained youth from other sections. The problem is a dual one.

A minister, director of one of the community centers, was in our group. He told about his plans to help take care of the people in his community when the soft coal mines near his center close. People in this section and many others throughout the region are making more money than they have ever made in their lives. It is predicted that many of these wagon mines, with a capacity of millions of tons annually, will close soon, possibly before the end of another year.

These workers will not be satisfied to go back to the old conditions. Strong leadership will be needed to help them through this period of adjustment.

The same situation will have to be met in other communities when the sawmills close. The sawmills along the highway were running at top speed. The lumber shortage has created a demand and high prices, but the forests in many areas are being stripped.

We stopped at one school with a large, extremely well equipped hospital . . . yet there is another county in the region with only one doctor serving 15,000 people.

The need for better nutrition and medical care was always a live topic of discussion. One school director told about the small hospital at his school where he is trying to give medical service to the people of his community. He is fortunate in having a capable doctor who is able not only to give patients medical care, but also to guide them in the matter of better nutrition. Men who have been cripples for years, hobbling around with canes or crutches, after being under his care and guidance have been restored to health and able to resume their work. This doctor and the county agent visit groups in this community together. The doctor tells them about nutrition and the foods that are healthful . . . the county agent tells them how to raise the foods.

Through the agricultural departments of these schools and in cooperation with state and county agencies, a great deal has been done to improve



" . . . many of these wagon mines . . . will close soon."

the farming methods and stock. Farmers are urged to grow the crops especially adapted for the mountain region. The result is a larger cash income and a better way of life for many farm families. One school has a thriving hatchery and furnishes high grade chicks to the county in which it is located.

There is still a great deal more to be done to raise the standards of agriculture. As we drove along, we saw farmers and their families working on hillside farms trying to eke out a meager crop. Some of these farms are as small as five or ten acres. In the region they average about half the size of Midwest farms.

We spent a morning in the auditorium of TVA in Knoxville. We listened to interesting lectures and saw movies of some of the projects. Starting with flood control, TVA now furnishes electricity, has made river navigation possible, reclaimed farming sections and is helping business in the Valley.

One city in Tennessee receives grain from the Midwest by river barges. It has built elevators and flour mills and has become a hustling, thriving city. The farmers in surrounding territory now have a convenient market for their grain.

TVA has cooperated with local agencies in reclaiming farming sections. They have supplied low-cost fertilizers, introduced special farm machinery, crops, stock and poultry particularly adapted to the Valley.

Food processing is revolutionizing the marketing of food products. Blackberries have always grown wild in the mountains, but there have been many difficulties which made it impractical to market these on a large scale. One season when frost had damaged the fruit crops throughout the South and there was an acute shortage of fruit, it was decided to introduce blackberries into new markets.

The 4-H boys in the country surrounding Knoxville contacted the farmers and made arrangements to have them pick blackberries, and trucks collected the berries along the highways in the evenings. They were taken to the food processing plant in Knoxville (TVA was instrumental in having this plant started). The berries were frozen and later shipped to other cities to be made into jam. New and profitable markets have been opened for this product.

TVA has also been instrumental in perfecting



"... far, far too many 'upright farms' on steep hillsides"

new varieties of strawberries. Farmers are becoming interested in growing these new varieties. This will mean additional cash income for many farm families.

I feel it is the patriotic duty of every American citizen to know the facts about TVA and the remarkable job which they are doing for the people of the Tennessee Valley. Schools should cooperate in making this information available.

Possibly no section of the country has had so much written about its people, their customs, economic and social condition. Too much of this has been written to amuse and appeal to the uninformed reader. Too much emphasis has been put on the crude quaintness of the people, their feuds and hillbilly fiddlers, some of it even sensational and theatrical. Too little has been written to give the true picture of the mountaineers.

Using the title "*The Changing Southern Mountaineer; From a Native Mountaineer's Standpoint*," Elihu Jasper Sutherland wrote, "The mountaineer is changing. But let it be understood that not all the things that have characterized him in the past have been bad, or ought to be discarded; that much that he has learned from his defamed ancestors, and treasured through his days of isolation, is of the world's best and that it must be preserved to sweeten and bless the lives of generations yet unborn. A few of these fine old characteristics, worthy of preservation, are their sterling independence, their simplicity in all things, their innate honesty, their hatred of cant and hypocrisy,

(Continued on page 31)

AMONG THE BOOKS

EDUCATION FOR MODERN MAN, by Sidney Hook, New York, Dial Press, 1946. \$2.75.

Sidney Hook's *Education for Modern Man* presents a cogent and sensible new program of education at the college level. Dr. Hook frankly based his proposed curriculum upon an experiment conducted some years ago at the Washington Square College of Liberal Arts and Science at New York University. So, presumably the curriculum was found both practical and successful in the opinion of its initiators.

Dr. Hook has quite rightly gauged the need for curriculum revision in the light of recent studies of colleges and also has perceived with equal clarity the widespread interest throughout the land in the subject of college programs of action. His book is thus very timely and very specific in its recommendations.

To the reader who is, for one reason or another, sceptical about the merits of the "100 Great Books" plan of educating the youth of the land, Sidney Hook's vehement denunciation of the program will probably be fun to read. But by the same token, *Education for Modern Man* will be an annoying contribution for the classicist who sees intellectual salvation in the Hutchins-Adler-Barr curriculum for college reading. Sidney Hook is a pupil and an obvious admirer of his mentor, John Dewey, and the reader will find numerous traces in this book of the Dewey philosophy of education. It is thus inevitable that this proposed program of education will see "growth" and "mental maturity," whatever they may mean—and Dr. Hook does not define them—as the legitimate goals of education. As far as the reviewer can understand the argument, men are to be taught in order that they may keep on evolving and developing. Sidney Hook apparently takes over the Dewey philosophy that "growth" and freedom for growth will automatically insure a democratic world, which will in turn provide endless opportunities for future "growth" and personal development.

For the reader who wants to skip in his reading, Chapter five, entitled "The Content of Education," will provide him with the author's specific program. Whitehead's comment, quoted earlier in the book that "education which is not modern

shares the fate of all organic things that are kept too long," might well be placed at the beginning of this chapter, as it furnishes the leitmotiv for the argument. The chapter provides a really excellent exposition of the values involved in maintaining a curriculum which is closely related to the life of the student. Hook's criticisms in the chapter, taken in conjunction with the three letters which he quotes from Courant, Russell and Einstein later in the book, regarding the methods for science teaching, are the best part of the case. It is at times an almost overwhelming argument for the liberal program of action which he proposes.

The reprint of a former appraisal of the St. John's College Curriculum forms the bulk of a rather large appendix to the whole book. The reader can hardly expect a fair criticism of the "100 Great Books" plan of study from such an opponent as Sidney Hook. His survey of the so-called "Chicago Plan" finds no good points whatever and only unmitigated evil in all their proposals. Without desiring to become "devil's advocate" for the latter plan, it would seem to the reviewer that Sidney Hook has missed out on the basic reasons why that program was ever devised. It is not only Hutchins and Adler who have become discouraged by the nebulous and vaguely liberal ends for an educational program that could be defined as "growth" and "mental maturity." The Chicago School may be overdoing Thomas Aquinas, but they have been attracted to a metaphysician who holds that the ends and ultimate goals of education are deeper, more profound than "development" per se. Sidney Hook has a number of caustic things to say about "sectarian teaching" in our colleges and the arrogance of any educators who presume to say what the final goal of man's existence should be.

The reader is therefore cautioned by this reviewer against expecting more definite goals and ends than these in the proposed educational curriculum advocated by Hook. There is little doubt that this educational point of view is held to be a satisfactory one by great numbers of reputable and serious-minded educators throughout the country. It might be said to represent the majority opinion of the liberal teacher-training centers throughout the land. It is a philosophy

of education that within its own framework is both a workable and consistent one.

Certainly the author of the book has labored to make his program of action broad and sensible enough to be, as he says, "an educational program for modern man whose fruits in experience will be so rich that it may be accepted by all democrats independently of their metaphysical prepossessions."

Unlike the Chicago school of thought, there is room for many variations within the curriculum, since Dr. Hook is no advocate of the Hutchins theory that the cause of study should be "the same at any time, in any place, under any political, social, or economic conditions." Nor does the author naively propose that education can rebuild society or construct from the student body the ideal creators of a new utopia. He simply avers that in a democracy such as ours, "educators as a group have a greater opportunity to influence a greater responsibility for what they do or fail to do, than in any other political order." Sidney Hook makes it perfectly clear, moreover, that he is discussing an educational program for the American scene and not one for an America remade in the light of foreign ideologies.

But as long as men feel inwardly moved by the whole question of their destiny in life and their purpose in living, they will never cease to formulate programs of education which find some place for their philosophy.

The question of the *Education for Modern Man* is a clear and cogent argument for democratic, liberal education. But it does this same democratic education a great disservice by failing to grapple with the ultimate question of the nature and destiny of man which is the starting point for all educational programs of action.

—Michael Martin
Southboro, Mass.

DEMOCRATIC EDUCATION, by Benjamin Fine. Thomas Y. Crowell, New York, 1946, \$2.50.

Education of the proper sort for the youth of America is as important and as controversial a problem as any which faces us today. Benjamin Fine, the Education Editor of the *New York Times*, one of the many men who have written on this subject in recent months. The problem in his book is that of the relative merits of vocational

training and liberal education. Mr. Fine's thesis is that all people must be educated and that democratic education includes vocational training on the college level.

He opposes the view of Mr. Hutchins of Chicago, and Mr. Barr of St. John's, who would omit vocational training from the college curriculum, and concentrate on liberal education and the Great Books.

The author recognizes three types of educational institutions in this country. There is the "aristocratic" wing which includes St. John's College and the college of the University of Chicago, in which there is no vocational training, and in which all students take the same course. Then, there is the "traditional" school, such as Princeton, Harvard, Yale and Colgate. These schools place the greatest emphasis on the liberal arts and sciences and admittedly cling to the concept of higher education as a privilege and not a universal right for all men. In the third category, Mr. Fine places the "progressive" schools, such as Bennington, Antioch, and Sarah Lawrence. These schools attempt to center their programs around the student himself with the idea of giving the individual and courses he needs for his own personal development.

Mr. Fine assumes that because Messrs. Hutchins and Barr center their educational programs around books, their plan is automatically limited to the intellectually superior student. The author himself attended a "traditional" school, and his contact with books of a classical nature was designed to give him a "cultural feeling" which would contribute to his "enjoyment of living." Therefore, his conception of any program centered in books is the conception he himself had as a student.

What Mr. Fine does not know, but what anyone who has seen the St. John's program or the Chicago program in action does know, is that the method and aim in these schools are so different from the traditional approach which he was subjected to that he cannot judge the so-called "aristocratic" schools by his old standards. Apparently, he has not taken the trouble to investigate them at first hand.

The problem of vocational training versus liberal education remains unsolved and will continue to remain unsolved even after many other and better books are written about it. It is a good question—an open question—and should continue to receive the attention of thoughtful educators and

laymen until some sort of agreement is reached. But Mr. Fine's contribution to the problem is questionable. He is earnest and sincere in his desire to see American education perform the job it should perform, and he is to be pardoned for his zeal and enthusiasm in his presentation. But the harm done by Mr. Fine who, as a journalist, is writing about an educational program with which he is not familiar, is indeed difficult to overlook.

Messrs. Hutchins and Barr, even more than the exponents of the "traditional" and the "progressive" colleges, have repeatedly insisted that liberal education must be for all. The aim of Hutchins, Barr, and Fine is the same, and Fine does not realize it. Only the method is different.

In short, Mr. Fine is criticising Hutchins and Barr for the wrong reasons. He says they should be interested in the education of all—democratic education. They say they *are* interested in education for all. Therefore, if there is to be criticism, Mr. Fine should devote his energies, not to telling them what they should be trying to do, but where their plan for doing it goes wrong.

—Dayton D. Hulburt,
Berea, Kentucky

CHANGING CONCEPTIONS IN EDUCATIONAL ADMINISTRATION, The Forty-Fifth Yearbook of the National Society for the Study of Education, Part II. The University of Chicago Press, 1946.

Educational policy in a democracy is the concern of all the people. Realizing this, the people are taking new interest in the administration of their schools. At the same time educators recognize the increasing need for active and intelligent administrative leadership which can develop the schools needed in a twentieth century democracy.

Changing Conceptions in Educational Administration describes educational administration as social statesmanship. The nine contributors agree that the school administrator must be a planner and a co-ordinator, and they believe that his work should be directed primarily toward the development of persons, both teachers and students. Gordon N. Mackenzie writes, "Administration has an important leadership role and can serve as a powerful constructive influence if it is focused on ways and means of attaining the purposes of the educational program." Willard B. Spalding says, "No plan to improve the schools will be successful

if it omits provisions for facilitating learning by the persons who work with children." Herold C. Hunt and J. Paul Leonard refer to the chief school officer in a community as "a master co-ordinator of community activities affecting the education, recreation, and welfare of children and youth."

Controversial issues are discussed frankly, and definite views are expressed. Among them are strong arguments for federal support of education and for collective bargaining by teachers and other school employees.

Alonzo G. Grace concludes the study with a concise statement on professional preparation. He charges teacher-training institutions with initial responsibility for selection, guidance, professional preparation and personality development. His list of twelve major causes for failure in the administrative field is a pithy summary—even though negative in form—of the new conceptions in educational administration.

William Jesse Baird, Morehead, Kentucky

RURAL LIFE AND THE CHURCH, by David Edgar Lindstrom. The Gerrard Press, Champaign, Illinois, 1946. 205 pp.

This book is a revision of *The Church in Rural Life* first published in 1939. The first edition of it which was in essence a series of lectures addressed to ministers at Garrett Biblical Institute in 1938, was exhausted early by a strong demand. A growing demand and an ever increasing interest by the author in his subject has brought this timely revision. The author is professor of Rural Sociology in the University of Illinois and immediate past president of the American Country Life Association.

Two correlated emphases apparent to the reader are: "insistence upon the innate worth of rural people and the need for social and economic security for them if the best in rural and national life is to be preserved; and, that all of society must work tirelessly for that security—the groups and institutions must be a means and not an end in this struggle for security."

This book can be a helpful hand book to any rural minister or church worker; it can also be used as a text book for discussions on the program of the rural church. In his discussions of the topics of rural life the author is never evasive as to the function of the rural church and its ministry. Here are practical suggestions which a minister

can incorporate into his program concerning the land, group life, the interaction of institutions, organizational competition, participation in government, the ever-expanding community, urbanization and significant rural life trends. After discussing our attitude toward land and our exploitative land use policies of the past the author says: "We still do not have a national policy relative to land use."

Dr. Lindstrom's book is a plea for an understanding of the importance to the nation's economy and well-being of the rural community. He underlines the necessity of appreciation and co-operation between agriculture, industry and labor. A healthy society cannot be covered with the sores of selfishness, poverty and greed. One group fattening off other groups breeds misery and unrest; "a rural slum will cause a growing city blight; conversely, a prosperous agriculture begets a truly prosperous city life." The great task ahead for statesmen and leaders in America is to readjust our "scarcity" order so that the interests of the whole of society are the first consideration. Give the masses purchasing power, leisure to enjoy life, education in how to live as well as in how to earn a living, and all other classes will prosper as well. The emphasis here is upon income—not income in terms of money alone, but income in terms of better health, more effective education, greater convenience in living and cultivation of spiritual and cultural values which make for higher standards of living and greater satisfactions in life."

The church has an opportunity to change attitudes; in this it must not fail. It must do away with attitudes of inferiority and unimportance among many rural people and attitudes of detachment and self-interest characteristic of many who are unaware of the contributions of rural life. The author quotes Arthur Morgan who declares that, "the small community has supplied the lifeblood of civilization, and neglect of it has been one of the primary reasons for the slowness and the interrupted course of human progress." But "farm people cannot build these strong communities alone; village and small-town people cannot do it alone; together they can."

Dr. Lindstrom closes his book with a redefinition of certain values which must be preserved and become operable and positive forces in countering trends which might destroy them. The people to

be secure and happy must have a chance to own or have vested interests in the farms, the factories, the mines, and the systems of distribution and marketing. In a mechanistic society there must be a place for inventiveness and creativeness. Learning the meaning of work and having a pride in accomplishment brings joys for which there is no substitute. Primary associations and mutual aid are elements of growth and of neighborliness. Our basic ideals are rooted in the Christian religion. "If most of our people, including children, fail to acquire these ideals, there may be grave danger that our democratic ideals will suffer as well. The areas of greatest concern are the rural areas."

—Vladimir E. Hartman
Durham, N.C.

PIONEERING A PEOPLE'S THEATRE, edited by Archibald Henderson. The University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, 1946. \$2.00.

I am doubly interested in reviewing *Pioneering a People's Theatre* because I have always had a deep admiration for Professor Frederick Henry Koch and what he has done at the University of North Carolina with his Carolina Playmakers. I told one of my drama students the other day when she expressed a desire to do graduate work in drama at North Carolina that she could do no better, even though Koch, a genuine pioneer in bringing drama to the people, is no longer alive. The fact that the spirit of Koch must still pervade the work done there is confirmed by this book which pays such high tribute to one of the great teachers of drama in America. Then, too, illustrious teachers like Paul Green and Samuel Selden are successfully carrying on the work of Koch.

I have had the pleasure of meeting Paul Green and hearing him lecture to high school students and teachers. His simplicity and his passion to make people see that drama is all around them and at their feet and not over the hill and far away was an inspiration. This book makes one sense the spirit of folk drama which expresses itself in the hunger of the people who do not live in cities, but live near to nature and who live well and cleanly; who still can get much from a few pleasures, and who deserve to be encouraged to contribute their legends, ideas and emotions by way of the drama.

Pioneering a People's Theatre, as well as being a tribute to Koch, is a brief history of the work done by the drama department at the University of North Carolina. It should be of particular inspiration to those interested in extension work, folk drama, recreation, and more particularly to those in small communities who want to build something fine but because of many obstacles, get discouraged too early. Koch built from the ground up amidst tremendous odds.

Samuel Selden in speaking of Koch says that he had faith in young people, that he believed that within every man there lay a creative spark and that he was convinced that in common experiences lay great dramatic potentials. These three major forces drove Koch to build a people's theatre, which he took out into the byways of his region as well as far afield. These same forces can help anyone with vision to build a people's theatre wherever he may be and with whatever equipment he may have. It isn't the building; it's what comes out of it that counts.

—Earl Blank
Berea, Kentucky

A FEW BRASS TACKS, by Louis Bromfield. Harper and Brothers, New York 1946, \$2.75 303 pp.

One always admires a book in which the writer tries to distill out of a wide range of reading and experience his ideas about contemporary problems. This Bromfield does in *A Few Brass Tacks*. He represents himself as a deeply disturbed man who believes that the position of the left wing and the right wing thinkers in this country is equally bad. Thus he tries to follow a "middle of the way" course in his thinking.

In the middle ground position which he takes, he vigorously attacks the fallacy in American thinking that real wealth is measured in terms of money whereas it should be measured in terms of natural resources, including people, and their capacities as a natural resource. He believes that the nation is making a tragic mistake in ignoring the key position of agriculture in our national economy and finally goes on to paint a rather drab picture of the hope for world peace which the average American thinks lies so thoroughly in the United Nations organization.

In his chapter on "Real Wealth Versus Money,"

Bromfield points out that the real wealth which remains in the United States is our great industrial potential for turning out such things as radios and automobiles. In this chapter he points out that the Orient is growing more self-sufficient every day; that Great Britain is waning as an Empire, and as a nation we might give more attention to trade with Russia because Russia has immense reserves of real wealth, whereas Britain occupies more the role of banker in Commerce.

The place to begin the stabilization of our economy is with agriculture and in this connection Bromfield reviews the splendid contributions which have been made by TVA, FSA, and so forth, to the building of an agricultural base in the country. He hopes for the establishment on the land of a type of life envisioned by Thomas Jefferson, that is "a great free country with abundance for all in which each man can establish himself on a piece of land or in a business or profession and find on it or in it the dignity and security which came from his own work."

In the last chapter dealing with the nature of man, Bromfield feels that we are deceiving ourselves when we assume that all nations can participate effectively in world government. He feels that enormous advances in economic conditions, literacy and democracy are necessary before many nations can participate effectively in world government. On this point the reviewer would take exception to Bromfield. It would not seem necessary that the masses would have to be developed to the extent that Bromfield visualizes before beginnings may be made in world cooperation. As long as there is intelligent leadership and intelligence among the followers it would seem that we would be in position at least to begin cooperation by way of the United Nations route rather than wait for another fifty years until the masses become literate in many parts of the world. There is a high degree of literacy in the United States, in England, and a growing degree of literacy in Russia; consequently, it would seem that these three great powers should be in a position to uphold the cause of world peace and cooperate and sustain an organization while the masses of other countries are on their way toward literacy and improved economic conditions and living standards.

A Few Brass Tacks is a stimulating book and

should be read by those who are interested in the problems of the contemporary scene.

—William E. Cole
Knoxville, Tenn.

MOUNTAIN DOORYARDS, by Dora Read Goodale, Cedar Rapids, The Torch Press, 1946. \$1.50.

Mountain Dooryards as a title will sound like an old friend, for nearly half the verses in this new book appeared under the same name in 1941, when Dora Goodale shared in print her hospital experience of twenty years in the Appalachian highlands. Readers of poetry and folk lore all over America will probably be very enthusiastic over this collection of lyrics, ballads, and prose poems.

I mention the variety of verse forms at the beginning of my comment because this variety is the most striking feature of a first reading of the poems. Some of the verses are colorful conversations which are, as one reader states, written when the author "becomes incarnate in the speaker." Such is the opening poem.

"Life's not all ruthers;
Good days and bad—it's like the mast in the woods,
Part sweet, part bitter . . .
Life's not all ruthers.
Some nights we cud step a tune; some we're that tarr'd
We feel like we'd been chewed up and spit out.
What then?
I say, What then?
Ay, come foul weather, what then?
You take it,
And agin, it's fairin off."

Other verses are fresh lyrics like this:

"I never was purty—no, not me,
And eh, but a feisty thing was she!
Hair the color of ripe persimmons—
Eyes it crazied a man to see."

Already you guess the weathered philosophy of the mountain people as it comes out in the everyday affairs of life and the more poignant mo-

ments like that of a young mother neglected at a birthing. You feel at home with the figures of speech that the mountain background has provided by way of adornment.

"Frosted in May—we call that Dogwood
Winter
Trees all tricked out
Like maids in Sunday-best—and then come
frosted."

You feel you really live here in Springtime.

"Yes, I like March!
Hit's like a little boy, brown as a ginger-cake,
That gets his mad up, smashes all his play-
pretties,
Then quits off in a hurry.
Hit makes you laugh, he does it so un-
thoughted.
. . . Spring can't be long-off now, the bees are
flying—
And yet it mought be!"

And you share the delight in nature.

"Now, hear him sing!
He's so full of happiness, he's runnin-over.
He's got him a little stay-place back o' the
shutter
No bigger'n my thumb,
And Jinny's fotched her furnishin's in.
Hark that!
Jinny, she's fotched her furnishin's in.
If they could, so do we could!"

Naturally the isolation of the mountain people has left them with a speech closely resembling the Biblical English. They have been called our "contemporary ancestors" and have learned to read from the Bible as their fathers before them. The ballad narratives of Old Doc Grizzard, Don't Go, Whippoorwill Shoes, and Old Man Bolder prepare you for the conversation of "Mount Down, Stranger"—the rhythmic prose of mountain talk. But you have not made the acquaintance of the people Dora Goodale knows unless you can get the penetrating point of "The Jest."

—John Harman
Berea, Kentucky

BLUE RIDGE BILLY, written and illustrated by Lois Lenski. J. B. Lippencott Company, 1946. \$2.50, 203 pp. illustrated.

The appearance of another regional story, the third in Lois Lenski's outstanding series, is a real event in the history of children's books. In her own introduction to *Blue Ridge Billy*, Miss Lenski says, "All my characters are imaginary, but the incidents used were told me by people who had experienced them." As a result one feels the truthfulness of this story from the Kentucky mountains.

Lois Lenski's skill in dramatic, realistic writing, has been achieved through her own patient and sympathetic living for months at a time among the people about whom she chooses to write. Taking with her in one hand her mysterious bag (containing lunch, purse, sketch book, notebooks and camera) and in the other a camp stool, she hitchhiked over the mountains from village to village. Her first morning in the Blue Ridge Mountains she sat on feed sacks in the back of a farmer's horse-drawn wagon, on her way to visit a blind chairmaker and storekeeper. She says she was always being asked to stay for a meal. ("We haven't got much but what we have you are plumb welcome to.")

No wonder Lois Lenski's stories are dramatically convincing and filled with the true flavor of the culture about which she writes when she gathers her materials with such intimate living experiences. If she hadn't already received the Newbery Medal for her Florida story, *Strawberry Girl*, Lois Lenski would surely receive it for this volume.

Billy is a real boy who has to fight the Buckwheat Hollow boys and who is on the way to falling in love with Sally Sue Trivett, whose Granny makes her wear dresses made from sackcloth. Billy learns to make baskets in the hope that he can save enough to buy a fiddle. He knows the bitterness of having his money appropriated by his hard-hearted father. He joins a panther hunt and discovers the mystery of a secret hiding place in the mountains where illicit things go on. There's tragedy a-plenty in this little book, but there's also achievement and the gentle healing that comes through friendship with Uncy Pozy and Granny Trivett and Billy's own steadfast mother.

The story is written in dialect, which contributes greatly to the atmosphere in which the story lives. Boys and girls of ten and above will be fascinated by the drama of the story and touched perhaps to tears now and then by the tragedy. They will find themselves as Miss Lenski hopes they will do, seeing "beyond the rim of their own world" and coming to admire and like the people who externally are no different from any they have known before. That many of them are poor and ragged and living isolated in the mountains in tumble-down shacks, with little chance for schooling or doctors will be cause for concern, but these things will not lessen the outgo of genuine respect and admiration.

Miss Lenski's eighty lithographic drawings add immensely to the vividness and fascination of the book.

—Sophia Lyon Fahs
New York City

SAMMY, by May Justus. Illustrated in color by Christine Chisholm. Albert Whitman Company, Chicago, 1946. \$2.00.

Sammy terribly wanted three things for "The Last Day of School"—a pair of new shoes, a pair of new blue breeches, and a blue-and-white striped shirt. But they cost four dollars, impossible to think of until way too late—after berry-picking time. Then along came Mr. Songcatcher hunting old ballads brought to these Tennessee mountains long ago from Scotland and England. He was wanting "There Was a Little Tree." And Sammy's surprise at "Last Day of School" was to be that very song! He knew the words. He knew the tune. He could play it on his banjo. How Mr. Songcatcher overcomes Sammy's shyness and the song got into Mr. Songcatcher's notebook makes an entertaining story that sings itself along. Anyone reading it ought also to sing it. The tune appears at the beginning, verse after verse as one turns the pages. This reviewer finally got the "feel" of the rhythm (at least she *thinks* she did) and found herself singing each verse as it appeared.

The author knows these mountain folks as friends, so her portrayal is warm and understanding. The illustrator has entered completely into the spirit and flavor, the rhythm and lilt of this story. Here are Sammy, his family, his home,

their land, and the Songcatcher himself. One hopes this book will find its way into schools, libraries, homes—wherever boys and girls may enjoy it.

Ages 8-10

—Mildred Widber
Boston, Mass.

JOHNNY AND HIS MULE, by Ellis Credle, Photographs by Charles Townsend, Oxford University Press, New York, 1946. \$1.50.

Johnny was a little boy who lived way up in the Great Smoky Mountains a long, long way from town. But every day found Johnny on time at school in Horny Hollow. One morning the school bell rang, but no sign of Johnny! Ten o'clock, half past ten, still no Johnny. At eleven o'clock, in came a very woe-begone looking Johnny. What had happened? For five cents at the auction in the town square he had bought a balky mule! Lessons held no interest that day. He kept thinking, "How shall I get that mule home? What *will* pa say?"

Read this humorous tale to find the answers to Johnny's questions. Enjoy the photographs which picture the mule, Johnny, his school mates, Teacher, Pappy, Mammy, and the rolling beauty of the Smoky Mountain country. Sing the old mountain hunting song (complete with words and tune) which Johnny and Teacher sang as they trudged up, up the mountain. Boys and girls who live in any Horny Hollow will recognize themselves in these pictures and this story. "Outlanders" will wish they could go to school in Horny Hollow and have the fun pictured here. Older folks will recognize the authenticity of this story, real in its people, its daily life, its amusing incidents. Such a book rightly portraying mountain children deserves wide circulation. Ages 6-10.

—Mildred Widber
Boston, Mass.

TALES FROM THE PLUM GROVE HILLS, by Jesse Stuart. E. P. Dutton and Co., New York, 1946. \$2.75.

Jesse Stuart is essentially a tall-tale teller, proof of which is found in this collection of twenty short stories representing the best the author has produced in the short-story form during the past few years.

Few of Jesse Stuart's critics and reviewers have ever made truly balanced and unprejudiced crit-

icisms of his works. Most of them either damn him as a literary outlaw or they heap on him unqualified praise, as did the New Yorker recently in referring to him as "a national possession."

Jesse Stuart is neither a literary outlaw nor "a national possession." He is a conversationalist with a series of personal tales to relate. And even when he is not telling a tall-tale he continues to use his exaggerated comparisons which are definitely a part of his tall-tale language. "Another April," the portrait of a boy's grandfather, is an exception and is the tenderest story the author has written. Perhaps the two best stories are "The Storm," a parental quarrel, and "Nest Egg," the life and death of a fighting rooster. "Frog-Trouncin' Contest" is skillfully constructed and is perhaps the most humorous tale the author has written. On the other hand, "Another Hanging" is a failure. It is a gesture of insincerity that the person who wrote the above-mentioned stories and several years ago wrote "Love" should also release for publication the trivia that is in this story of the taking of a man's life. It is little more than a laboratory exercise.

To Jesse Stuart the story—or the tale—is the important thing. His characters are secondary, and the dialogue belongs not so much to his characters as it does to Jesse Stuart.

He is practically always an objective writer. He does not use his objectivity as a means of expressing subjectivity, that is, of creating subtleties or as an aid to understanding the inner emotions of his characters. Rather, his objectivity deals with externalities. His characters are not remembered, except as Father and Mother and Son. In a sense, he paints his characters with a broad sweep of the brush, giving most of them caricatured proportions. And since to him the tale is more important than the characters, he could often strengthen a tale by giving his characters more precise motivations than the blanket ones of love and hate.

Jesse Stuart's aim is not to teach or to rectify an evil, and he certainly possesses no sociological zeal to expose a decadent or a sluggish phase of society as Erskine Caldwell has done in the South. He is simply a conversationalist sitting on the other side of the table relating a tall-tale, constructing it with little previous planning, often clumsily, and perhaps with no revision.

Though there may be sufficient cause to charge

him with an unfair portrayal of mountain people, he in his foulest moments gives them greater purity than Caldwell, for instance, gives to his southerners. And though Jesse Stuart may at times say that he is writing representatively of mountain people and though reviewers may yell "Amen," he of course is writing about the rough-hewn, land-wise characters who inhabit Jesse Stuart's tall-tale kingdom.

—Dean Cadle
Berea, Kentucky

MURDOCH OF BUCKHORN, by Rev. G. Gordon Mahy, Jr. The Parthenon Press, Nashville, \$1.25. 140 pp.

Murdoch of Buckhorn is the story of a young minister, an assistant in the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn. In the spring of 1901 he heard a plea for the neglected regions in the mountains of Kentucky. To a group of men in the Lafayette Avenue church, he said; "If you will help me, I will go down where the need is

vastly greater than it is here." They promised their support and Harvey Short Murdoch, a native of Mississippi, and a graduate of Colorado State College, and of Princeton Seminary, gave upwards of thirty years in developing an institution at Buckhorn which, because of its varied nature, is "difficult to classify."

This story of his life was written by one who was closely associated with Dr. Murdoch over a period of six years. This "labor of love" was completed this past summer and shortly before Dr. Mahy returned to China to continue his missionary labors interrupted by the war.

It is a religious biography, well-written. One finds it difficult to lay down the book after getting into its first pages. Here is a thrilling tale of self-sacrificing labor by one wholly dedicated to Christian work "in the mountains." *Murdoch of Buckhorn* is an outstanding illustration of what it takes to make one a successful mountain worker.

—Mark J. Andrews
Harlan, Ky.

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS ON A WOODEN DOOR

(Continued from page 13)

howls, and it is obvious that a well equipped and efficiently operated dry kiln and manufacturing plant would flower and bear fruit, if it were established near poplar for windows, and oak for flooring. Instead of two and a half man days spent to make each thousand feet of rough lumber, with most benefits going out of the forest community, there would be work for seven or ten men, perhaps more, in the processing of each thousand feet of lumber. Town and country alike would benefit by home industry, and also, the pressure to cut each and every tree, regardless of size or maturity would be lifted from timberland owners.

While we don't expect to see boats manufactured in the hills of Georgia, or dog sleds in Tennessee, there is no reason why Louisville should retain a near monopoly for making hickory axe handles, when they can be made as well and considerably cheaper in the hills where the hickory grows.

THE SOUTH'S RESOURCES

(Continued from page 3)

turn to receive from each his highest contribution to the total on-going of society. Consequently, we believe that the greatest investment any society can make is in its human resources, their conservation and development. Thus we justify expenditures in public education, public health, public welfare, and, in times of stress and strain, public relief.

The South has great resources in leadership, still potential and undeveloped. At the end of America's first great war for independence, over 165 years ago, the statesmanship of the Colonial South helped give the nation the conception of unity and liberty for which today it is again fighting in theaters of war abroad. The facts at hand make it clear that there is abundant opportunity for the economic statesmanship of the South to set an example for the nation in securing and maintaining in this region "an ever-increasing release of the power of human nature in the service of a freedom which is cooperative and a cooperation which is voluntary."

A N N O U N C E M E N T S

The 35th Annual Conference of Southern Mountain Workers will be held March 4th, 5th and 6th at Knoxville, Tennessee. Headquarters will be at the Andrew Johnson Hotel. Announcements will be in the mail soon, and it is important that reservations be made early, for rooms at the hotel.

The Council of Southern Mountain Workers with the cooperation of Berea College will sponsor the ninth Christmas Country Dance School at Berea, Kentucky, December 26th, 1946 to January 2nd, 1947. For further information write Marie Marvel, Box 158, Berea College, Kentucky.

The twenty-second mid-winter session of Opportunity School will be held on the Berea College campus January 6-25, 1947. A program of informal study combined with happy fellowship in a closely-knit family group is offered for mature youth and mature men and women from the mountain area without regard to their previous educational attainments. The total cost covering board and room for the three weeks is \$15.00. Mary P. Dupuy, Director; Marie Marvel, Assistant Director. Inquiries welcomed by the Secretary of Opportunity School, Berea College, Berea, Kentucky.

TIM'S FIRST DAY IN THE MINES

(Continued from page 15)

Threw his shovel down. The first ton was ready to roll away.

"All right, that's it!" he announced. "She's full! Now let's tune up our lights and give her a good taggin'."

Gib blew into his lamp and when he got the light adjusted, he brought out one of his brass checks. Tim looked on as he knelt there, like one in prayer, his carbide light spewing a long white flame.

"Now, Tim," Gib started off again with a false rattle in his voice. "I'm going to stand and talk awhile and then tag her right. You take your shoulder and when she's ready, why you start her on the way to the tippie."

Tim wanted to laugh and play him off for joking, but Gib was not joking. He went on talking in long cadences. It sounded like a poem.

"There's a time when a boy's a boy," he began, and with closed eyes, he talked on and on, about living at home and working for fathers and mothers and getting dissatisfied and running away from home.

"We have run away from home and we have went to work in the Black Diamond," he went on. "We come under this earth and loaded coal in the

dark. This is the first penny we have worked out by the day's work." He opened his eyes. "And now I'm going to give this car number nineteen. Roll her, Tim. Push her on out of here!"

With a heave and groan the heavy car rolled down the line.

"Now we be men, by gad!" Tim shouted.

SOUTHERN APPALACHIA—THE LAND OF CONTRASTS

(Continued from page 21)

their concern for the rights of property and their hearty hospitality . . ."

It is inevitable that the mountaineer will change as the South becomes industrialized and there is an upward trend in the per capita income in urban and rural Appalachia.

But the hope of this important part of the United States lies in its youth. If the problems of this region are to be solved, the young men and women must be given better opportunities for education and training in leadership. More educators, county agents, home demonstration agents, nurses and doctors are needed.

Through education lies the only way to reduce the contrasts in these mountains and bring a better way of life to these people.

EDITORIALS

The retirement of Mrs. John C. Campbell as Director of the John C. Campbell Folk School is a matter of importance to all who are concerned with the quality of life in rural America. Taking her inspiration from an older culture, Mrs. Campbell planted the seed of the Danish Fork School here in the rural South, and with her co-workers and her rural neighbors proved to the world that this distinct educational pattern can make a significant contribution to the life of America. With faith in the ability of the common people to work together to solve their own problems, Mrs. Campbell has led the community in one cooperative venture after another. At the heart of it all has been the Folk School, drawing in both young and old, to study and work and play together, and in the doing to catch a vision of a satisfying rural life which need not be lived in isolation but can be in touch with the whole world.

Just as any healthy growth is slow, so the growth of this folk school-community has been slow. Mrs. Campbell's insight and vision of future possibilities has been lightning-swift, but her wisdom has given the patience to wait for the community to work its ideas out collectively. Through her faith and understanding she has drawn out unsuspected resources helping each person to feel that he has something to contribute, and that each one is significant to the whole. The countryman's desire to whittle on the old store bench transmuted into beautiful hand-carved figures is symbolic of the school's purpose; the school's motto, "I sing behind the plow" reveals the quality of her life.

That faith in the common man and his inherent worth is the essence of democracy and the demonstration of it here is of truly national significance. All who are aware of the problems of American society inherent in the problems of rural living, will see in Mrs. Campbell's work an outstanding contribution to the solution of those problems. We are proud to acknowledge Mrs. Campbell's leadership and to express gratitude and Godspeed as she watches the growing influence of the Folk

School, and to her able successor, Dr. Dagnall F. Folger, we extend our good wishes as he carries forward to yet greater fruition this work so ably initiated.

In matters of generosity and human sharing, we seem now, almost everywhere, to be in a time of withdrawing rather than of extending. One seasonal example is the difficulty community chests are having in reaching their goals. Most of us who mingle with mountain folk are not directly involved in community chests, but we are noticing in other ways this increased reluctance to give and share, and its counterpart, an exaggerated tendency to seek for self. This is a reaction to wartime self-restraint, and can thus be explained but not thus condoned.

A cliché sometimes heard from those with resources for giving is: "Give them an inch and they'll take a mile." The implication is that nobody should want "a mile." It is an easy implication to agree with in hasty conversation—but is it valid? We are just as quick to approve what is really an opposite judgment of the same human tendency when stated by a poet, who says "Man's reach is ever greater than his grasp, else what were Heaven for?"

Should people really be blamed for wanting more than they have, or for seeking more than they are given? Human progress rests on the well-nigh universal search of people for better ways and better things. Science, art, technology—all the institutions of modern civilization are products of striving and seeking. It is the general unwillingness of men to be content with an inch, and their general insistence upon the "mile" that leads them forward. Whether it is somebody's story about uncouth people who keep coal in a bathtub, or somebody's conclusion that it does no good to help people who will keep right on wanting more help, it is not necessarily sinful to keep wanting a mile after being given an inch.

ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

BAKER BROWNELL is Professor of Philosophy at Northwestern University and Director of the Montana Study. The latter is a project in the stabilization and enrichment of the small community. It was financed initially by one of the great foundations and is sponsored by the greater University of Montana. Mr. Brownell's office at present is at Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois.

EARLE H. MEEKINS, District Forest Ranger of the Cumberland National Forest, came from Massachusetts, studied forestry at Syracuse, and has spent several years in the Virginia and Kentucky areas.

OLGA A. LINDQUIST is Secretary of Publicity and Donations at Berea College, Berea, Kentucky.

RUPERT B. VANCE, Professor of Sociology at the University of North Carolina, is the author of *Human Geography of the South* and *All These People*, which was reviewed in the Fall number of Mountain Life and Work.

NELLIE CRABB is a New Englander, born in Connecticut, educated at Northfield, and was librarian at Worcester for a number of years, before coming to the Berea library about fifteen years ago. She is the author of several volumes of poetry including *Four Gardens* and *Seeking*.

MORTIMER SLAIMAN is an Industrial Analyst in T.V.A.'s Commerce Department. He lives at Norris, Tennessee.

Since 1938 **ELIZABETH LORD** has been in craft production at Boone, North Carolina, where she taught weaving and was consultant on community production and directed the retail outlet for Watauga Industries. She came originally from Portland, Maine, is a graduate of Mount Holyoke College and studied weaving at Penland. She has taught at the John C. Campbell Folk School and at Berea.

LEONARD ROBERTS is a native of Kentucky, a veteran of the world war, and teaches English in Berea.